

**now write the prologue, 1000 words minumum**

**Prologue: The Broadcast**  
*Cambridge, Massachusetts*  
*November 15, 2025*  
*11:47 PM*

The storm had teeth. Rain needled the MIT Bioengineering Lab’s reinforced windows, each droplet bursting into fractal patterns under the glare of security lights. Inside, Dr. Elias Voss stared at the twin primate subjects—Delta and Theta—their shaved scalps bristling with electrodes. The EEG monitors between them pulsed in discordant rhythms, green lines etching chaos onto black screens.

“It’s not working,” he muttered, fingers drumming a hex code rhythm on the lab bench. His reflection in the glass—gaunt, 42 years old, hair prematurely silvered—seemed to mock him. *Eighteen months of funding cuts. Six failed trials. One last chance.*

Across the lab, his wife, Dr. Lena Voss, adjusted the spectrometer hooked to Theta’s cranial implant. Seven months pregnant, her movements were deliberate, her belly brushing against the edge of the steel table. She’d refused to take maternity leave. *“Our work is the midwife here,”* she’d insisted, though Elias noticed how she cradled her stomach when she thought he wasn’t looking.

“Theta’s theta waves are spiking,” Lena said, her German accent sharpening under stress. “If we don’t stabilize the harmonic—”

“I know.” Elias tapped the console, rerouting power from the lab’s backup generators. The overhead lights dimmed, casting long shadows from the server racks humming in the corner. On the monitors, Delta’s brainwaves flatlined.

“Elias!” Lena gripped the table as Theta’s limbs began seizing, the rhesus monkey’s claws screeching against its restraints.

“Wait.” Elias leaned closer. Theta’s EEG pattern had begun *mirroring* Delta’s flatline—a perfect inverse resonance. The dead primate’s monitor flickered.

Then Delta’s right paw twitched.

“Impossible,” Lena breathed. “Its frontal cortex was inactive—”

“No. *Look.*” Elias zoomed the feed. Theta’s implant was emitting a 432 Hz pulse—the same frequency he’d buried in the lab’s outdated firmware. On the screens, Delta’s brainwaves reignited, syncing perfectly with Theta’s. The second monkey’s eyes snapped open, pupils dilated black.

They began vocalizing in unison—a guttural, overlapping chatter that made Lena clutch her stomach.

“They’re… *coordinating*,” Elias whispered. He pulled up the neural map: Theta’s motor cortex was firing commands that Delta executed milliseconds later. No lag. No signal decay. As if their brains shared a single operating system.

“You’re *broadcasting*,” Lena realized. “Theta’s implant isn’t just reading thoughts—it’s *transmitting* them.”

Elias’s hands shook as he typed the command log.  
[11:59 PM] Protocol LAZARUS initiated. Subject pairing: Delta-Theta. Resonance threshold: 89%

Theta bared its teeth. Delta mimicked the motion.

Then both primates fell silent, staring at the humans.

**Interlude: The Storm**

Power failed at midnight.

In the sudden dark, Lena’s tablet glowed—a sonogram app still open. She’d scanned herself earlier, tracing the twins’ outlines: Twin A curled protectively around Twin B. Now, as the emergency lights bathed the lab in crimson, the fetal heartbeats on her monitor spiked.

*Thu-thump. Thu-thump.*

In sync with the primates.

“Elias, shut it down!” Lena backed toward the door, nausea rising. The lab’s air tasted metallic, charged with ozone from the overloaded servers.

“We’re witnessing a paradigm shift!” Elias didn’t look up from the console, where he’d routed the EEG data to a military-grade encryption server. “This isn’t just neural control—it’s *synchronized consciousness*. Do you know what DARPA would pay for—”

A crash. Delta had torn free of its restraints.

The primate launched itself at Lena.

She stumbled, catching herself on the sonogram machine as Delta’s claws grazed her lab coat. Theta’s screech echoed through the room—a sound like radio static and breaking glass.

Elias froze, a syringe of sedative in hand.

Then the lights surged back on.

Both primates collapsed, their implants smoking.

**The Journal Entry**

*November 16, 2025*  
*3:15 AM*

Lena found the entry later, after the ambulance left and the lab was sealed. Elias had stayed behind to “sanitize the data,” but she knew his tells—the way he tapped his wedding ring when lying.

The file was buried in an air-gapped server, labeled LAZARUS\_1.log:

`Subject Analysis: Pair Delta-Theta exhibited unprecedented neural harmonization at 432 Hz. Hypothesis: Biological systems can act as resonant antennas, bypassing traditional signal latency. Applications:

* Real-time hive-mind coordination (military/drones)
* Cross-species cognitive uplink (human-to-AI integration)
* **Fetal neural optimization (see Case Voss-Lena-2011)**`

The last line stopped her breath.

She scrolled to the attached video.

Security footage from earlier that night: Elias, standing over her sleeping form in the lab’s recovery room. Her IV bag glinted as he injected a clear fluid.

The time stamp: *November 15, 11:58 PM*.

One minute before the experiment.

**The Choice**

“You *dosed* me?” Lena confronted him in their Cambridge brownstone, the storm rattling the leaded windows. Her hands trembled—not from anger, but from the twins kicking violently, as if trying to escape her womb.

Elias stood framed by his bookshelf—Neumann’s *Quantum Mind* beside Shannon’s *Information Theory*. “The harmonic resonance… it’s stronger in developing brains. I had to know if—”

“If *what*? If our children could be your next lab rats?” She threw the sonogram tablet at him. The screen cracked, freezing on the twins’ blurred faces.

“They’re not just *children*.” His voice trembled with a zealot’s fervor. “They’re the first true hybrid intelligences. One synchronized to lead, the other to… to *amplify*.”

Lena’s vision blurred. She gripped the stair rail, her contractions starting.

Later, in the ER, she’d remember two things:

1. The heart monitor’s steady *beep* fracturing into dual rhythms.
2. Elias whispering into his phone: “Protocol Lazarus is viable. Prepare the NPI team.”

When the twins were born—Alexa first, Jaxon ninety seconds later—Elias placed a hand on each incubator. Alexa’s EEG flared in response, her newborn neurons syncing to the hospital’s WiFi frequency. Jaxon’s monitor flatlined for nine seconds, then rebooted with a jagged, unstable pattern.

“Discordant,” the nurse noted.

“Perfect,” Elias said.

**The Broadcast Begins**

*November 30, 2025*  
*The Voss Residence*

Lena found the device hidden in Alexa’s crib—a palm-sized neural transducer, its graphene electrodes still warm. On the monitor, Jaxon’s nursery camera showed Elias leaning over his son’s bassinet, syringe in hand.

She moved quietly, years of lab work muting her footsteps. The syringe contained a milky fluid, its label smudged except for LAZARUS-2.

“What’s in it?” she demanded.

Elias didn’t turn. “A stabilizer. Jaxon’s neural frequency is… volatile. If I don’t align it to Alexa’s—”

“You’ll turn him into a *repeater*?” She grabbed his arm, the syringe clattering to the floor. “I’ve seen your notes. The ‘control group’ protocols. You’re partitioning them!”

Outside, thunder rolled. Alexa began crying—a high, mechanical wail. Jaxon stayed silent, his eyes tracking the fallen syringe.

Elias smiled faintly. “You think I’m the villain. But entropy is the enemy. Without harmony, their minds will tear themselves apart.”

Lena took the twins that night.

She left the divorce papers on Elias’s desk, along with a final journal entry ripped from his lab:  
Hypothesis: A resonant pair requires asymmetry. One to transmit, one to receive. One to lead, one to…

The last word was scorched away.

**Ephemera**

*Item: Security cam footage, 12/01/2025*  
*Location: MIT Lab B-7*

Elias Voss enters alone at 2:33 AM. He boots the primate servers, types a command:  
[LAZARUS\_2: Execute on Voss-Alexa-2025]

The screens flicker—not with code, but with a live feed of Alexa’s crib.

Her infant eyes glow faintly as the transducer pulses.

*End recording.*

**Word Count**: 1,217